

Twentieth Corps crossed Long Bridge, bivouacked in the streets about the Capitol, and the Fourteenth Corps closed up to the bridge. The morning of the 24th was extremely beautiful, and the ground was in splendid order for our review. The streets were filled with people to see the pageant, armed with bouquets of flowers for their favorite regiments or heroes, and everything was propitious. Punctually at 9 a. m. the signal-gun was fired, when, in person, attended by Gen. Howard and all my staff, I rode slowly down Pennsylvania avenue, the crowds of men, women and children densely lining the sidewalks, and almost obstructing the way. We were followed closely by Gen. Logan and the head of the Fifteenth Corps.

When I reached the Treasury Building and looked back the sight was simply magnificent. The column was compact, and the glittering muskets looked like a solid mass of steel, moving with the regularity of a pendulum. We passed the Treasury Building, in front of which and of the White House was an immense throng of people, for whom extensive stands had been prepared on both sides of the avenue.

As I neared the brick house opposite the lower corner of Lafayette Square someone asked me to notice Mr. Seward, who, still feeble and bandaged for his wounds, had been removed there that he might behold the troops. I moved in that direction and took off my hat to Mr. Seward, who sat at an upper window. He recognized the salute, returned it, and then we rode on steadily past the President, saluting with our swords. All on his stand arose and acknowledged the salute. Then, turning into the gate of the Presidential grounds, we left our horses with Orderlies and went upon the stand, where I found Mrs. Sherman, with her father and son. Passing them, I shook hands with the President, Gen. Grant, and each member of the Cabinet.

**SHERMAN REFUSES STANTON'S HAND.**  
As I approached Mr. Stanton he offered me his hand, but I declined it publicly, and the fact was universally noted. I then took my post on the left of the President, and for six hours and a half stood while the army passed in the order of the Fifteenth, Seventeenth, Twentieth, and Fourteenth Corps. It was, in my judgment, the most magnificent army in existence—65,000 men, in splendid physique, who had just completed a march of nearly 2,000 miles in a hostile country, in good drill, and who realized that they were being closely scrutinized by thousands of their fellow-countrymen and by foreigners.

Division after division passed, each commander of a corps or division coming on the stand during the passage of his command to be presented to the President, Cabinet and spectators. The steadiness and firmness of the tread, the careful dress on the guides, the uniform intervals between the companies, all eyes directly to the front, and the tattered and bullet-riven flags, festooned with flowers, all attracted universal notice.

Many good people up to that time had looked upon our Western army as a sort of mob; but the world then saw, and recognized the fact, that it was an army in the proper sense, well organized, well commanded and disciplined; and there was no wonder that it had swept through the South like a tornado. For six hours and a half that strong tread of the Army of the West resounded along Pennsylvania avenue; not a soul of that vast crowd of spectators left his place; and, when the rear of the column had passed by, thousands of the spectators still lingered to express their sense of confidence in the strength of a Government which could claim such an army.

Some little scenes enlivened the day, and called for the laughter and cheers of the crowd. Each division was followed by six ambulances, as a representative of its baggage-train. Some of the division commanders had added, by way of variety, goats, mules, cows, and pack-mules, whose loads consisted of game-cocks, poultry, hams, etc., and some of them had the families of freed slaves along, with the women leading their children.

Each division was preceded by its corps of black pioneers, armed with picks and spades. These marched abreast in double ranks, keeping perfect dress and step, and added much to the interest of the occasion. On the whole, the Grand Review was a splendid success, and was a fitting conclusion to the campaign and the war.

I will now conclude by a copy of my General Orders taking leave of the army, which ended my connection with the war, though I afterward visited and took a more formal leave of the officers and men on July 4, 1865, at Louisville, Ky.

[Special Field Orders, No. 76.]  
HEADQUARTERS MILITARY DIVISION OF THE ARMY OF THE TENNESSEE, IN THE FIELD, WASHINGTON, D. C., May 30, 1865.  
The General Commanding announces to the Armies of the Tennessee and Georgia that the time has come for us to part. Our work is done, and armed enemies no longer defy us. Some of you will go to your homes, and others will be retained in military service till further orders.

And now that we are all about to separate, to mingle with the civil world, it is fitting that we should recall to mind the situation of National affairs when, but little more than a year ago, we were gathered about the cliffs of Lookout Mountain, and all the future was wrapped in doubt and uncertainty.

These armies have come together from distant fields, with separate histories, yet bound by one common cause—the Union of our country, and the perpetuation of the Government of our inheritance. There is no need to recall to your memories Tunnel Hill, with Rocky-Face Mountain and Buzzard-Roost Gap, and the ugly frown of Dalton behind.

We were in earnest, and paused not for danger and difficulty, but dashed through Snake-Creek Gap and fell on Resaca; then on to the Etowah, to Dallas, Kennesaw, and the heats of Summer found us on the banks of the Chattahoochee, far from home, and dependent on a single road for supplies. Again we were not to be held back by any obstacles, and crossed over and fought four hard battles for the possession of the citadel of Atlanta.

That was the crisis of our history. A doubt still clouded our future, but we solved the problem, destroyed Atlanta, struck boldly

across the State of Georgia, severed all the main arteries of life to our enemy, and Christmas found us at Savannah.

Waiting there only long enough to fill our wagons, we again began a march which, for peril, labor, and results, will compare with any ever made by an organized army. The floods of the Savannah, the swamps of the Combahee and Edisto, the "high hills" and rocks of the Santee, the flat quagmires of the Peedee and Cape Fear Rivers, were all passed in midwinter, with its floods and rains, in the face of an accumulating enemy, and after the battles of Averysboro' and Bentonville, we once more came out of the wilderness, to meet our friends at Goldsboro'.

Even then we paused only long enough to get new clothing, to reload our wagons, again pushed on to Raleigh and beyond, until we met our old and tried enemies, and, instead of war, and offering to submit to the injured laws of his and our country.

As long as that enemy was defiant, nor mountains, nor rivers, nor swamps, nor hunger, nor cold had checked us; but when he, who had fought us hard and persistently, offered submission, you, General, thought it wrong to pursue him further, and negotiations followed, which resulted, as you all know, in his surrender.

How far the operations of this army contributed to the final overthrow of the Confederacy and the peace which now dawns upon us, must be judged by others, not by us; but that you have done all that men could do has been admitted by those in authority, and we have a right to join in the universal joy that fills our land because the war is over, and our Government stands vindicated before the world by the joint action of the volunteer armies and navy of the United States.

To such as remain in the service, your General need only remind you that success in the past was due to hard work and discipline, and that the same work and discipline are equally important in the future. To such as go home, he need only say that our freed country is so ready to receive you, so desirous to give you a home, and to give you a share in the fruits of the war, that you should yield to the natural impulse to seek new adventures abroad, to seek new fields of action, for it will lead only to death and disappointment.

Your General now bids you farewell, with the full belief that, as in war you have been good soldiers, so in peace you will make good citizens; and if, unfortunately, new war should arise in our country, "Sherman's army" will be the first to buckle on its old armor, and come forth to defend and maintain the Government of our inheritance.

By order of Maj.-Gen. W. T. SHERMAN,  
L. M. DAYTON, Assistant Adjutant-General.

List of the Average Number of Miles Marched by the Different Army Corps of the United States Forces under Command of Maj.-Gen. W. T. SHERMAN, United States Army, during his Campaigns in 1863-'64-'65.

ROUTE.	Fourth Corps	Fourteenth Corps	Fifteenth Corps	Sixteenth Corps	Seventeenth Corps	Twentieth Corps
From Vicksburg to Meridian and back.....	110	230	230	330	335	.....
From Meridian to Natchez and back.....	110	230	230	330	335	.....
From Natchez to Hattiesburg (Paint Rock), Louisiana, etc., and back.....	110	230	230	330	335	.....
From Clifton to Rome.....	110	230	230	330	335	.....
From Clifton to Atlanta (average distance traveled in marching).....	175	175	175	175	175	175
Pursuit of Hood and back to Atlanta.....	270	270	270	270	270	270
From Atlanta to Savannah.....	280	280	280	280	280	280
From Savannah to Goldsboro'.....	430	430	430	430	430	430
From Goldsboro' to Washington, D. C.....	110	1,586	2,250	330	175	2,075
Total distance in miles.....	110	1,586	2,250	330	175	2,075

Compiled from campaign maps at Headquarters Military Division of the Mississippi, St. Louis, Mo.  
WILLIAM KOSACK, Captain,  
Additional Aid-de-Camp on Engineer Duty.

## CHAPTER XXV.

Having thus recorded a summary of events, mostly under my own personal supervision, during the years from 1846 to 1865, it seems proper that I should add an opinion of some of the useful military lessons to be derived therefrom.

That civil war, by reason of the existence of slavery, was apprehended by most of the leading statesmen of the half-century preceding its outbreak is a matter of notoriety. Gen. Scott told me on my arrival at New York, as early as 1850, that the country was on the eve of civil war; and the Southern politicians openly asserted that it was their purpose to accept as a *casus belli* the election of Gen. Fremont in 1856; but, fortunately or unfortunately, he was beaten by Mr. Buchanan, which simply postponed its occurrence for four years.

Mr. Seward had also publicly declared that no Government could possibly exist half slave and half free; yet the Government made no military preparation, and the Northern people generally paid no attention, took no warning of its coming, and would not realize its existence till Fort Sumter was fired on by batteries of artillery, handled by declared enemies, from the surrounding islands and from the city of Charleston.

Gen. Bragg, who certainly was a man of intelligence, and who in early life ridiculed a thousand times in my hearing the threats of the people of South Carolina to secede from the Federal Union, said to me in New Orleans, in February, 1861, that he was convinced that the feeling between the slave and free States had become so embittered that it was better to part in peace; better to part anyhow; and, as a separation was inevitable, that the South should begin at once, because the possibility of a successful effort was yearly lessened by the rapid and increasing inequality between the two sections, from the fact that all the European immigrants were coming to the Northern States and Territories, and none to the South.

**VAST MONEYED INTEREST.**  
The slave population in 1860 was near four millions, and the money value thereof not far from twenty-five hundred million dollars. Now, ignoring the moral side of the question, a cause that endangered so vast a moneyed interest was an adequate cause of anxiety and preparation, and the Northern leaders surely ought to have foreseen the danger and prepared for it. After the election of Mr. Lincoln in 1860, there was no concealment of the declaration and preparation for war in the South.

In Louisiana, as I have related, men were openly enlisted, officers were appointed, and war was actually begun, in January, 1861. The forts at the mouth of the Mississippi were seized, and occupied by garrisons that hauled down the United States flag and hoisted that of the State. The United States Arsenal at Baton Rouge was captured by New Orleans

militia, its garrison ignominiously sent off, and the contents of the arsenal distributed.

These were as much acts of war as the subsequent firing on Fort Sumter, yet no public notice was taken thereof; and when, months afterward, I came North, I found not one single sign of preparation. It was for this reason, somewhat, that the people of the South became convinced that those of the North were pusillanimous and cowardly, and the Southern leaders were thereby enabled to commit their people to the war, nominally in defense of their slave property. Up to the hour of the firing on Fort Sumter, in April, 1861, it does seem to me that our public men, our politicians, were blamable for not sounding the note of alarm.

Then, when war was actually begun, it was by a call for seventy-five thousand "ninety-day" men, I suppose, to fulfil Mr. Seward's prophecy that the war would last but ninety days.

The earlier steps by our political Government were extremely wavering and weak, for which an excuse can be found in the fact that many of the Southern Representatives remained in Congress, sharing in the public councils and influencing legislation.

But as soon as Mr. Lincoln was installed there was no longer any reason why Congress and the Cabinet should have hesitated. They should have measured the cause, provided the means, and left the Executive to apply the remedy.

## STATUS OF THE ARMY.

At the time of Mr. Lincoln's Inauguration—viz, March 4, 1861,—the Regular Army, by law, consisted of two regiments of dragoons, two regiments of cavalry, one regiment of mounted rifles, four regiments of artillery, and 10 regiments of infantry, admitting of an aggregate strength of 13,024 officers and men.

On the subsequent 4th of May the President, by his own orders, (afterward sanctioned by Congress,) added a regiment of cavalry, a regiment of artillery, and eight regiments of infantry, which,

## FIGHTING THEM OVER

### What the Veterans Have to Say About Their Campaigns.

The Editor would be glad to receive from the veterans (volunteers and regulars) articles of from 500 to 1,000 words, written exclusively for THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE, and for publication in the Fighting Them Over Department. The subjects should be of interest to veterans in general, and treated with special regard for historical accuracy of statement. Narratives of the behavior of some particular regiment, brigade or division on some field where it distinguished itself, in some campaign in which it took a prominent part, in some single battle, or in some incident of the war, or reminiscences of prison life, the march, the battle or the camp; dramatic personal adventures, and humorous incidents, all such are solicited. The usual veterans are invited to give narratives of their service in various enterprises. Articles will be promptly sent to the Editor, if available by mail. Stamps should be enclosed if it is desirable that the manuscript be returned if available.

## A DISASTROUS DAY.

Cavalryman Depicts Shifting Scenes at Sabine Crossroads.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: I was much pleased with Comrade O. D. Moorehead's story of Sabine Crossroads. Many interesting incidents of battles are omitted in history. The man in the ranks sees things differently from the general historian or the high officer.

I went with Co. H, 2d Ill. Cav. We had skirmishes with the enemy nearly every day through the entire expedition. The diary of Capt. Moses Kelly, Co. I, showed we had been under fire 45 times in 35 days. On April 8, 1864, our regiment steadily drove the rebel skirmish-lines back until about noon, when we were relieved by the 2d Cavalry, the 6th Mo. Cav., and the driving process continued. We had not gone far before we saw a 6th Mo. Cav. man lying dead beside the road. A noble-looking German Lieutenant was standing over him, the tears coursing down his cheeks. With respectful gesture he raised us as we passed, and said: "2d Ill. Cav., don't take a rebel prisoner; shoot them down on the spot. See, boys of the old 2d, they have killed 'Sergeant'; he was my best friend." We passed on in silence and sympathy.

About 4 p. m. the rebel skirmishers were driven back upon the main body of the enemy, already in line of battle in the form of the letter V, with the open end toward us. Our infantry was hurried forward, and the battle soon commenced. The cavalry formed in line across open fields on the east; behind us was a heavy strip of woods. The 2d Ill. Cav. occupied the extreme right.

The battle raged for some time, when small squads of infantry came running back across the field near our regiment. Col. B. F. Marsh rode to them, ordering them back to fight. I followed the Colonel's example, riding to other fleeing soldiers, and with the authority of a Brigadier-General ordered them back. They said:

"We are already whipped; there are three rebels to one of us!"

The retreat became general. The rebel bullets were beginning to whistle through our ranks. Our heroic Colonel, with drawn sword glittering in the sun, called out in ringing tones:

"Remember the old flag, boys!" We continued to remember the old flag a long time, till our company lost one-third of our men and two-thirds of our horses killed and wounded. Our cavalry left a line of dead horses across that field from one end to the other.

The Thirtieth Corps had gone by us, and we, too, were ordered to retreat. We soon passed an old log cabin on the north side of the road. The door was off on the east side. I dismounted, led my horse inside, and fired several shots through the holes in the house at the enemy. For a minute or so the bullets whistled past the corners of the cabin. For a time I considered it fatal to have dropped out. I was now, to the best of my knowledge and belief, the farthest in the rear of our retreating forces. But no. I looked about 40 yards to the west. I saw a battery of great flames of fire leaping from the front of a house, and saw many soldiers lying and firing, pouring those deadly missiles of grape and canister and shot and shell into the ranks of the enemy.

It was a fine sight to see those few men stand and battle against an overwhelming, victorious enemy. Our line of cavalry, and the Thirtieth Corps, prevented the Confederates from rushing onto the Thirtieth Corps and capturing every one. Talk of medals of honor! There are none more worthy to receive them than the survivors of that battle.

I led my horse outside, mounted, and gave him the reins. Soon caught up with a man and a boy who had been riding to the rear, suddenly shot, and staggered forward three or four steps and fell, face down. I stopped a moment to see if I could give him aid. It seemed hopeless. I spoke to the boy, but received no reply. I galloped on, and took my place in the rear of my regiment.

A moment later a rebel man in my immediate front, was shot in the shoulder. I said: "Jack, get to the front; you can do no more good here." These words had only passed my lips when Gabe Jones, riding on my left side, was wounded. I made the same remark to him. I think the cavalry was the only one that was not engaged, as the firing had about ceased.

Our retreat continued nearly all night. About 9 p. m., being entirely out of danger, we received orders to pass by the infantry to the front. We had to march single-file over the bodies of the dead, and the plaudits of the whole regiment were heaped upon the man who opened up the way for us to cross to the north side. At this point some of the comrades used some profane and uncomplimentary epithets in regard to the cavalry. This fact, I suppose, was what led a contributor, several years ago, to write the cavalry had come demoralized and panic-stricken, and stampeded through the ranks of the infantry.—A. D. TYSON, Sergeant, Co. H, 2d Ill. Cav., Syracuse, Kan.

**WHOLE CONFEDERACY CHASED HIM.**  
At Least, That's the Way It Seemed to a Comrade at Cedar Creek.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: After reading the letter of Comrade Joseph Tennant, Co. B, 106th N. Y. Inf., in your Cedar Creek experience, I am impelled to relate something of my own. We hurriedly got out of our tents, which we left standing, that morning and into line of battle just to fight.

My little son, now five years old, was very puny and weak. I began giving him Hood's Sarsaparilla and he has now taken four bottles and is the picture of health. I believe it saved his life. Mrs. SARA JACKLER, 428 East Jefferson St., Williamsport, Pennsylvania.

"I wish you would wake up the guests, Joe." "Yes, sah; I would like to, sah, but he ain't dun gone to bed."

The Lone Guest.  
[New Tones Democrat.]

There was an alarm of fire the other night. A fire of one of the local hotels, being told the fire was in the immediate neighborhood, pushed the button for the porter.

"I wish you would wake up the guests, Joe." "Yes, sah; I would like to, sah, but he ain't dun gone to bed."

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right and slightly to rear of a battery, and commenced, as we thought, a breakfast appetizer by the short work of exterminating the balance of the Southern Confederacy in Virginia. Suddenly clear and distinct rang out the command: "Cease firing; you are firing upon our own men!"

On hearing this I thought I would make use of the rifle-pit or breastwork I knew to be close at my right and front. I ducked my head, and a rapid advance to the works, bullets seeming to come from all directions. I saw the Johnnies scrambling over from the opposite side, all seeming eager to be the first to make my acquaintance.

My first thought was, "Roberts, you are a goner this time, sure." My second thought was, "Andersonville." I was faced at once. But what was my surprise not to see any of them. The Johnnies kept up their firing and clamor of "Halt! halt!" in my rear, flank and front. The idea of the regiment retreating did not enter my mind just then. I started off, for the Johnnies were a few rods in front, quite a considerable number on my immediate right and all the rest of the rebel soldiery in Virginia was in close proximity to my immediate rear, with the exception of one or two graybacks as running-mates on my left.

But the Johnnies got more numerous all the time in front of me, I passed faced at once. But what was my surprise not to see any of them. The Johnnies kept up their firing and clamor of "Halt! halt!" in my rear, flank and front. The idea of the regiment retreating did not enter my mind just then. I started off, for the Johnnies were a few rods in front, quite a considerable number on my immediate right and all the rest of the rebel soldiery in Virginia was in close proximity to my immediate rear, with the exception of one or two graybacks as running-mates on my left.

I would not have you think I was scared. By no means, but I wished to prevent them from observing the tin-soldier-like actions of one of Uncle Sam's boys in blue. Finding that the bullets had almost ceased to come in my direction, and taking a long breath or two, and ascertaining that I was all present if not accounted for, a short observation made me acquainted with the surroundings. I soon found some of my regiment, and we soon found the colors, and, of course, you and everybody knew what followed.

In the early morning we had been on the left flank of the Nineteenth Corps. So, after regaining our former camp at night, I, with a few of my company, went over the ground occupied in the early morning to look for the body of our First Lieutenant, Geo. W. Quay. We found him, and, strange to relate, he had all of his clothing on; all the pockets were turned wrong side out, the contents removed and laid upon his breast undisturbed. He was dressed as if he were dressed as a private soldier, having but a few days previously received his commission, not having had time to procure a Lieutenant's uniform. Fastened securely on the outside of his coat collar was a button or pin with the combined emblems of the Masonic and Odd Fellows Orders engraved thereon. Inside his pocket-book were receipts given by the Secretaries of the lodges of the Orders for dues paid.

We buried the body on the brow of a hill close by. At the head of the grave we placed a board with the name, company and regiment thereon, and rode out of the emblem.

E. W. ROBERTS, Co. C, 8th Ind., National Military Home, Milwaukee, Wis.

## BRAVE MEN OF HIS REGIMENT.

A 129th Ill. Man Writes of Special Acts of Gallantry.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: I see a discussion regarding medals of honor and complaints that these medals are being distributed, many times, to those who have not earned them.

We were, in a measure, all of us, creatures of circumstance; to some comes the opportunity of doing a brave deed, some noteworthy act, that to others is denied; so some win honors while others look on.

I am no medal-of-honor man myself. I have no claim for anything of the kind. Yet I know full well that many deserving comrades entitled to wear this medal who have not been honored. If any comrade thinks it an easy job to get this medal, let him try. If he wins, I will say the evidence was great and the award just.

Hardly a regiment that saw service on the Mississippi, from the Gulf to the Ohio, served in Co. C, 2d Iowa, and not the 2d Ohio. After the war he went to Caledonia, O., where he still lives. Speaking of the regimental dog, Comrade Dunnell says: "I remember 'Tattle' very well. We named him after our Colonel, J. M. Tattle. The dog was very intelligent; he knew every man in the old 2d Iowa. He came to the boys while on picket one dark night down in Mississippi. He was wounded slightly with a piece of shell in one of the battles, I think at Corinth. He would jump at the balls as they fell around him. He was a good Union dog, and had evidently left the rebels to join the Union soldiers."

**Stood by the Guns.**  
G. K. Carson, Co. I, 22d Ill., Sparta, Ill., writes: "In your issue of Sept. 30, Stephen Tripp, of Ottawa, Kan., says a man who belonged to the 73d Ill., but was transferred to a Missouri battery, said that the boys of Houghtaling's Ill. battery abandoned their guns at Stone River without making any resistance. Comrade Tripp wants to know about it. Now, I say it is a slur on as brave a battery as any in the service. I was attached to Col. Roberts's Brigade of Sheridan's Division, and we supported it. I can testify that they stood by their guns like heroes until one-half of their horses had been killed. When our line had to fall back the infantry was called to help get back the guns, but they got wedged among the rocks and cedar trees and had to be left."

**Batterymen Didn't Get Medals.**  
James Maher, Battery B, 4th U. S. Art., Devall Bluff, Ark., says a writer in a recent issue seems to think that the men are most invariably the recipients for honor medals. The medals have generally fallen to infantry regiments. I have been a reader of THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE for years, and I failed to see where an Eastern battery man has received a medal of honor from 1861 to 1865. I have seen some of the best Eastern batteries wheeled into battle under whip and spur at Ballacava, Inkerman, and Sebastopol, and I served all through the late war. There are batteries of the Eastern artillery I know of that I think were the best in the rebellion—Stewart's, Minke's, and Paddy Hart's. I remember hearing the scout tell how he rode up to the Indians, and how the Indians tried to recover the body. Maj. Bailey, in his story of the fight, gives the account of Roman Nose's death, and also says the Indians had quietly taken possession of the body in the night. If this

was so, what was the name of the Chief whose body we saw?"

**He Has Been There.**  
Alvin Arand, Co. B, 9th Ohio, Marysville, Kan., writes: "I served in the Army of the Cumberland, and am very well acquainted with the country around Chattanooga and Atlanta. The story of 'Capturing a Locomotive' is very interesting to me and my family. I have never seen a locomotive marked by a little monument surmounted by a locomotive."

**Scattering.**  
Patrick O'Neal, Washington, D. C., writes: "It is seldom that an old regular sends you a line. We, at the most, are only about 20,000. In the late war I was on the miserable Peninsula campaign. I had served five years before on the Pacific coast again, very well. Sheridan's first fight was at the Cascades, Wash. Ter., April 5, 1856. A terrible fight it was all day. We hung 300 Indians that day. They were tried by a military commission and found guilty of murder."

C. E. Farbridge, Box 65, Duke Center, Pa., has a badge knick-knack in front of his Peterburg, marked: "A. B. Cross, Co. D, 18th Pa."

J. H. Trimble, Co. F, 63d Ind., Monroe, N. C., enjoys reading Sherman's Memoirs. He was sorry when "Alf Wilson's Adventures" was finished. He says: "I am a railroad engineer, and I have read the 'Old General's' quite a number of times. I know that I shall enjoy reading 'The Man Who Outlived Himself' as I know Judge Tourgee. I wish that someone would write up the 63d Ind., as I have been South ever since the war, and have had no one to talk to who had been in the field."

W. Houghton, 14th Ind., Leopoldo, Ind., writes: "I heard a statement from a member of the 90th Ind. to the effect that when the Twenty-third Corps was ordered from Nashville to the coast in 1865, a Tennessee regiment went with them, whose time expired soon after they arrived about the mouth of the Pamlico. The regiment was ordered back for the purpose of being mustered out, and shipped on the steamer Casandra, which he says was reported to have burned somewhere about Cape Hatteras, and all the regiment perished. I never heard the story before. Is there any record of this?"

G. M. Ireland, Co. H, 5th Iowa Cav., Arapahoe, Neb., writes: "I should like to know to what battery the gun belonged that was engaged in the battle near Newman, Ga., on the McCook raid; also, the man who spiked the gun, turned to me and said: 'The rebels will not get this gun on us.'"

T. S. Davis, Co. M, 14th N. Y. Cav., and Co. E, 18th N. Y. Cav., Kinsey, Ala., writes: "I have read THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE a long time, and expect to continue to do so as long as I battle for the rights of the old veterans. I was disappointed in seeing nothing from the members of my regiment in the Eastern States issue, and I would like to see something written by them."

S. W. Sedgwick, Pukwana, S. D., saw an inquiry for three months men. He enlisted in the 1st Iowa in April, 1861, for three months; re-enlisted in the 11th Iowa in October for three years, and resigned Nov. 27, 1864. He was discharged and transferred to the 5th U. S. C. H. A.

Dennis Delaney, Alexandria, Va., says he and three brothers were furnished to the army from his family. The other three were John, Thomas and James Delaney. They were under age. Thomas was killed on picket duty in the Maryland campaign. James was killed in March, 1864, and buried in Co. B, 63d Pa., July 5, 1863, for three months; re-enlisted for three years in Co. A, 7th Pa. Cav. He was one of the youngest, certainly, the comrade thinks.

J. B. Ritter, Co. I, 202d Pa., Shelton, Wash., was a three-months man. He served in Co. E, 32d Pa. Inf., and was discharged in 1864. He was one of the youngest, certainly, the comrade thinks.

Wm. Mann, Stockdale, Tex., was one of those who enlisted under the flag call in Co. I, 17th Ohio. When his time was out he enlisted again, in Co. C, 5th Ind. Cav.

R. D. Colgate, Co. I, 149th Pa., Irwin, Pa., writes: "Why don't some of the old boys of my regiment write up their experience? I was in all the battles with the regiment from the first of May, 1864, to February, 1865, at Hatcher's Run, Va. We certainly are not ashamed of our part in helping to put down the rebellion. Our regiment did its share with other fighting boys. I will say, under the late Administration Hoke Smith & Co. was the cause of reducing my pension from \$12 to \$8, and from \$8 to \$6, and, shortly, under the present Administration, which is trying to do justice to the old boys in blue, I received an increase of \$6, and am now back on the rolls at the first rating they gave me in 1890."

They came. Seeing one Johnny in the act of taking aim, I fired. My Captain came and pressed me to the ground, and roughly forbade me to shoot again, saying that I was drawing the rebel fire, and might bring on an action before we were ready. He stood behind me, keeping me down. I saw the Johnnies scrambling over from the opposite side, all seeming eager to be the first to make my acquaintance.

My first thought was, "Roberts, you are a goner this time, sure." My second thought was, "Andersonville." I was faced at once. But what was my surprise not to see any of them. The Johnnies kept up their firing and clamor of "Halt! halt!" in my rear, flank and front. The idea of the regiment retreating did not enter my mind just then. I started off, for the Johnnies were a few rods in front, quite a considerable number on my immediate right and all the rest of the rebel soldiery in Virginia was in close proximity to my immediate rear, with the exception of one or two graybacks as running-mates on my left.

But the Johnnies got more numerous all the time in front of me, I passed faced at once. But what was my surprise not to see any of them. The Johnnies kept up their firing and clamor of "Halt! halt!" in my rear, flank and front. The idea of the regiment retreating did not enter my mind just then. I started off, for the Johnnies were a few rods in front, quite a considerable number on my immediate right and all the rest of the rebel soldiery in Virginia was in close proximity to my immediate rear, with the exception